Danny Hickie Manufactured Landscapes – Tire dump Dec 9, 2011

Gordon Goodyear rolled out of bed and out to get his morning paper. As he got the mail, he looked up and down the street at the neighbourhood. “How did it get so crowded?” he thought to himself. “I remember when it was just us here, and the Firestone family down the road... Now we’ve got families packed in like sardines, and the overcrowding has done nothing good for the smell. All those Bridgestones and Michelins from the wrong side of the tracks... how did they end up here? This used to be a good neighbourhood. I used to feel comfortable letting my kids play in the yard, and now, I wouldn’t even let them walk down the street alone... Overcrowding leads to angry people, and angry people leads to serious issues. How on EARTH did we get so many families in this area? And the city keeps getting bigger and bigger anyway, but the population density still goes through the roof! I just don’t get it!”

“And I can’t even believe how synthetic some of these people are! Why back in my day, everybody was all natural! What has the area come to? We should move... But where would we go?” With the usual mixture of dread, sadness, and complete helplessness to do anything about the situation, Gordon Goodyear walked back into the house, and closed the door.